

IN THE LANE.

And art thou then, my heart, too old,
Ever to leap with love again?
To feel the strong blood-torrent rolled
Through heaving breast and teeming veins?
Is it no more, my heart, for thee
Life's one unquestioned ecstasy?

Are faded quite those dim, far days
When music mothered every sound,
When up and down youth's happy ways
Far glories on eternal round?
Has chill of years killed every joy
That blossomed for the wandering boy?

These are the trees once known so well
We felt to them all but unknown;
Their very shadow we could tell
From others by the forest thrown.
The same glad songs from bush and bough—
As once we heard, we hear them now.

And these sweet flowers beneath my feet,
Their young eyes greet us from the tomb.
The hope, the faith, the love that meet
Her glance that shall not answer more;
To us alone it can not be
They're looking up so tenderly.

This is the same gray path we took
Behind the slowly going day;
As they do now, the light leaves shook
When evening breezes blow this way;
And there's the glow upon the dome,
And here the crows are coming home.

Ah, no, good heart, thou still canst stir,
Still lives the love first bid thee leap;
Still are we at the side of her,
They laid away "neath yonder steep."
Though closed be on her and a stone,
In the dear old lane we're not alone.

—John Vance Cheney, in Century.

OLD DELOS DODGE.

How a Professional Gambler Rescued a Young Couple from Financial Ruin.

"I'm tired now, and sleepy too,
Come put me in my little bed."
So she softly sang, and then she gaped
And rubbed her eyes.

"O, Willie Moore, if I had you here, I'd
comb your little head for you with a three-
legged stool, I would, you rascal. Two
o'clock in the morning, packing not half
done, and your precious wife with her
back broke."

Thus groaned sleepy, tired little Hen-
rietta Moore (nee Henrietta Miles), profes-
sionally known as Mollie, Henrietta
Milesthorpe, late ballet-girl of the
Theater.

A little over seventeen years of age,
slight but perfect in form, with a pure,
fresh complexion, blooming cheeks, clear
blue eyes, and movements of free, un-
derlying grace and flowing ease, with irreg-
ular features and changeable expression,
which would have delighted an artist and
driven a photographer to despair, she was a
sprightly little beauty to gladden the
eyes of those who loved a good, pretty
face.

The room in which she waited for her
husband was by no means tidy. Two
half-packed trunks stood upon the
bed and floor dresses and coats, shirts and
skirts, lay scattered in confusion.

William Moore, just of age, inclined to
be fast, good-looking, soft of heart and
head, until lately a book-keeper in a com-
mission-house, had a week before married
this child of the theater for love, thereby
pleasing himself, gaining his idol, and
losing the friendship of his highly respect-
able relations and his situation—for which
he cared little. The young couple were to
start on the morrow in the noon-day train
for Chicago, where William was to invest
the \$2,500 just paid into bank subject to
his order, his portion of his father's es-
tate, with an established firm in whose
house he was also to fill the position of
book-keeper.

He had gone out early in the evening to
have a farewell supper with some friends.
It was now two o'clock a. m., and he had
not yet returned.

Henny (she was always called Henny)
gaped again, and then, seizing a pretty
little gray traveling bonnet (just new)
from the bed, she went through, for the
twentieth time, with the "trying on"
process.

She heard the front door shut and lis-
tened; the step upon the stairs was slow
and dragging.

"That's Willie," she sighed, and turned
again to the mirror.

The door of the room was thrown open.
"Why, Willie?"

It was her husband. He entered the
room in silence, his dress disordered, his
face pale and his hands trembling. He
sank into a chair and looked at her in
despairing sadness. He had been drink-
ing, but was nearly sober now. The wife
began:

"Will, you're red, mean to go and leave
me all night by myself and go to fight,
and all the packing to do, yet it's shabby
of you, so it is."

"All right, Henny, pack up now! Go
ahead! But you needn't pack any more.
We can't go."

"Needn't pack any more! Can't go!"
she echoed, with surprise. "Why not?"

"Cause I'm dead broke! I've every rap,
there! now it's out!" he said, dashing his
hat on the floor. She turned on him
fiercely:

"William Moore, do you mean to tell me,
after all you have promised me, that
you've been and been—?" and a look
finished the question.

"Pitch into me—pitch in, Henny," he
groaned; "I started for only one game
after supper, and kept on and on, and—
now it's all gone, every rap!" and poor,
weak sinner, the tears began to fill his
eyes.

"Will Moore, you're a ——" commenced
the wife; but, looking at him, the big,
good-looking boy of a husband that she
loved so well, the harsh words died upon
her lips, and she went and sat upon his
knee and cuddled him, saying:

"Oh, Willie, I'm so sorry. I had hoped
so much—so much—and now it's all over,
and she gave a deep sigh. "It's all gone,
Willie! Who was it?" she asked, after a
time.

"Cleaned out; every cent," he answered.
"After supper I'd been drinking some,
and Chick Lawton proposed a game—and I
didn't think of what I'd promised you—
and I didn't lose much, I'd have won every-
cent back, sure, only old D. D. came in,
and he roped in and took a hand; and he's
got my check for every cent we have in
the world. Oh, Henny, I don't care for
myself; it's you I'm thinking of, and that
makes me nearly crazy."

"You ought to have thought of me be-
fore it was too late, Willie."

"I know, Henny; but it was only a little
game with Chick. He wouldn't have
taken it all from me like old D. D. when
he saw I was tight. Chick's a good fel-
low—every body says so—but old D. D.
has no more heart than a turnip."

"Hearts and good fellows! Don't talk
to me!" said the little wife, sharply.
"Chick Lawton has no more heart than I
don't know what I know more about
Chick Lawton than you do, Willie. He's a
scoundrel, that's what he is. But I didn't
think Mr. Dodge would have done it; I
thought better of him."

"He's got no heart, Henny. D. D. hasn't;
you ask Chick if he has," groaned Willie.

"Oh, bother Chick! I wouldn't speak
to the rascal. Mr. Dodge can treat one like
a lady even if she is, or has been, a poor
ballet-girl, and that's more than you
Chick-chicken-hearted-Lawton can do,"
answered the wife.

AND THEN FOR A LONG TIME THEY WERE SILENT.

And then for a long time they were
silent; finally the brave, self-reliant,
child-wife said to her boy-husband:

"Willie, will you promise me, once more,
never to drink or play another card?"
"Henny, dear," he answered, like a re-
pentant schoolboy, "if you'll only forgive me
this time I'll never drink or play a
card again, so help me God!"

"Good boy! then kiss the book," and she
held up her bright red lips.

"And now, Willie, let's get some sleep,
and to-morrow we'll attend to every thing.
All this ditty we've bought to cut a dash
with in Chicago we'll either pawn or sell,
and we'll go to New York or somewhere,
and you can get something to do, or I can
get an engagement and go back to the old
business."

Soon all was dark and silent in the
room. The man slept, but the little wife
prayed, as well as she could, to Him to
"give us this day our daily bread," and
that the husband whom she loved, and for
whom she was willing to work and save,
might have strength to keep his renewed
pledges.

In the morning Henny, sharp little
business woman that she was, with a
loving kiss hurried Will off to find some
one who would buy her now useless
finery which with a sigh, she proceeded
to arrange. She was a woman; it was a
sore task to part with the pretty dresses
just bought. As she was kneeling at her
trunk there came a tap upon the door.

"Come in!" she cried.

A man entered; it was Delos Dodge,
professional gambler.

Henny started to her feet and faced
him, looking like a little fury. Delos
Dodge had nothing of the reverend
character which the title D. D. that his as-
sociates bestowed upon him would have
indicated, unless it might be his appear-
ance. Faultlessly dressed with no dis-
play of jewelry, a smooth, pale face,
and quiet deportment that nothing was
ever known to disturb, a white neck-tie
would have transformed him, so far as
looks went, into a modern minister of
the gospel. But the spare chin and firm mouth
and the cold, fixed glare of his eyes showed
"old D. D." to be a man that it would
not do to affront; a few men had risked
his anger, and most of them lived to re-
gret it.

He entered the room and closed the
door, and then said, most politely:

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you,
Mrs. Moore, but the servant informed me
that your husband was here. I wish to see
him. Busy packing to start, I see."

Then Henny—poor Henny—poured out
upon him, the man who robbed her hus-
band, her heaped-up wrath:

"Packing to go 'way, you impudent vil-
lain! You know that we can't go 'way
when you rob—yes, robbed—my poor
Willie, after making him drunk, of every
cent he had in the wide world. Oh, how
I hate you! And you have the insolence
to come here, after all, and to look me
in the face and ask me about going 'way.
Would like to see the poor boy starve, all
of you—that's what you want. But I'll
spite you. I'll work for him—work for
him, yes, till I drop dead."

Henny stopped to take breath, and then
Delos Dodge spoke calmly and quietly:

"Mrs. Moore, please to listen to me for
a few moments. Your husband is young,
and rather foolish and weak, but I like
him, and I like and respect you. You are
an honest, good girl. I went to our rooms
last night and found your husband,
decidedly the worse for liquor, play-
ing with Mr. Lawton. Mr. Moore had
lost all his ready money, and applied
to me to cash his check for a consid-
erable amount. I knew what would hap-
pen, and forced myself into the game
much to the disgust of the others. In
three hours I had your husband's check
for \$2,500 in my possession. Here they
are," continued D. D., producing them
from his vest pocket. "I came here this
morning, trusting to find Mr. Moore alone.
You will do as well. What I now do with
these checks you will please tell no one;
it would ruin my enviable reputation."

And Delos Dodge, the gambler, gave a
low laugh as he tore the checks into small
bits and scattered the pieces at the feet of
the staring, astonished little wife.

"Oh, D. D.—Mr. Dodge, I mean—How
can thank you?" she cried.

"By saying nothing of this to any one
but your husband. Pack up now and get
him away from here, and tell him from
me to drop the drink and the play; he
hasn't the head for either. And, now,
good-bye, Mrs. Moore, and a pleasant
journey and good fortune to you," and he
held out his hand.

"Please forgive me for what I said,
won't you?" she begged.

"Oh, certainly; 'twas but natural, and
you did good. Good-bye," and again he
held out his hand.

She looked up at him. If her friends had
heard of what she next did, they would
have said: "That's just Henny all over!"

She reached up, put her arms about his
neck, drew his head down and kissed him.
Then she sank upon the floor, sobbing,
woman-like, for joy.

Mr. Dodge walked down the stairs very
slowly. His face was paler than usual,
and there was a slight moisture in the
cold gray eyes that softened their stony
glare. As he passed through to the street
upon the steps of the house he found Mr.
Chick Lawton.

"Way, hello, D. D.," exclaimed Chick.
"What are you doing here?"

"I saw Billy Moore rushing down street,
and I thought I'd just drop round and
cheer Henny up a little; but you was
ahead of me, you old 'possum. Billy's
down on the luck this morning, I guess,
and I'm so tender-hearted that I thought
I'd come and offer them a V or an X. I'll
just run up and keep Henny company till
Billy comes back."

Dodge laid his hand on Chick's arm.
"Mrs. Moore is very busy, Mr. Lawton,"
said he, with an ugly look in his eyes.
"Take my advice and don't go up. You
had much better walk down street with
me this fine cool morning—indeed you
had, Mr. Lawton. Come!"

Mr. L. did not care to dissuade Mr. D.
It might make Mr. D. angry. It was dan-
gerous to anger the quiet Mr. D.; and so
Mr. L., who was particularly careful of
his "big-hearted" self, trotted down street
beside old D. D., who seemed inclined to
silence. But Chick hated silence, and
soon broke out:

"You wouldn't have acted toward Moore
as I was a bona fide—now, you know you
wouldn't, you heartless old D. D."

"I certainly would not," was the reply.
"I knew it," crowed Chick. "That's be-
cause you've got no heart, you see. It
gives a fellow a cold in the head merely
to look at you. Come in here and take
something to warm up that cold blood of
yours."

"I thank you; I seldom drink."

"I know it; that's because you've no
heart. I actually believe your veins are
filled with ice-water. Come in and take
something warming," persisted Chick.

"Go and get your drink. Excuse me,
I have something on my lips that I don't
wish to wash off," was the quiet re-
joinder, and Dodge passed on down the
street.

But there was a warm feeling on the
left hand side, under old D. D.'s spotless
shirt-bosom. Had he a heart?—A. D.
Baker, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

EASTER LILIES.



IGH in a window, hid
by leaves, appears
A tender bud, from all
its kind exiled,
While o'er it bend, with
fond exacting fears,
The faces of a mother
and her child.

"Dear mamma, will it
bloom at Easter
time?"
The sweet voice
asked, "and must it
surely go
Upon the altar of our
Lord, beside
The palms, and pinka
and lilies, white as snow?"

"Why must I give my only flower to God,
When He has gardens full of lilies fair
That He can gather when He walks abroad?
And surely it is always Easter there!"

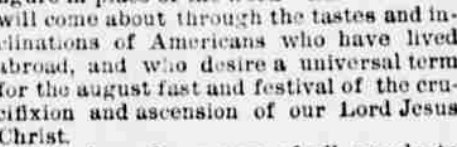
"Dear mamma, what are Easter lilies for?"
The mother answered: "With each per-
fumed breath
They tell us of the Resurrection law,
That life and love are stronger far than death."

"The Paschal lily is an emblem true
That from the dust our souls in bloom arise;
Then give it back to Him who gave it you;
Dear child, the Lord demands this sacrifice."

The Easter bells their Alleluia rung,
The white bud in its opened beauty lay
Upon the breast of the sweet child, who sung
Her carols in the heavens that Easter-day!
Mrs. M. L. KAYNE.

AFTER GETTHEMSEMANE.

The Passover and the Resurrection—An
Historical Sketch of Easter Day—Curious
Customs of Ancient Times.



T is safe to say that
the season in which
Sunday, April 10,
1887, stands cen-
trally, is the prin-
cipal religious epoch
of the year in by far
the larger number
of European States.

There are signs,
withal, that we shall
have difficulty in
retaining our word
"Easter," for it is
Anglo-Saxon, while
the Latin nations, following the Greek
Church, have adopted the Hebrew word
for "passing-over." It is not unlikely that
a substantive word like *pasch*, conforming
to our adjective *paschal*, will soon begin to
figure in place of the word "Easter." This
will come about through the tastes and in-
clinations of Americans who have lived
abroad, and who desire a universal term
for the august fast and festival of the cru-
cifixion and ascension of our Lord Jesus
Christ.

It has been the custom of all people to
merge old festivals into new celebrations.
Thus, when the Jews were led out of
Egypt, and had passed miraculously
through the Red Sea, they found themselves
in the pagan season of the Spring festival.
It was both natural and expedient to re-
christen the period of joy rather than to
abolish it. This expedient has prevailed
in all ages.

The Jews have a verb, *pasach*, or *pasach*,
meaning to spare, to pass over, to protect.
The Passover was therefore called *Pasach*,
in conformity with the genius of the
language.

So suddenly were the Jews delivered out
of Egypt that they had no time to leaven
their dough. This small mishap, foreshadow-
ing their inevitable "good fortune,"
was adopted as a mishap to be joyfully
accepted each year. Hence the seven days
of unleavened bread among the Jews to-
day. The paschal full moon determines their
feast, as well as that of Easter among
Christians, and both Jew and Gentile
worship and rejoice at the same time.
Pasach begins at sunset of Saturday and
lasts through Easter week.

Our Lord suffered at the Passover. The
Jewish year was reckoned by the moons,
and proclaimed by the High Priests. Our
movable feasts are the only relic we have
of the lunar year of the Jews.

We observe Christmas by the fixed reckoning
of the Romans, because our knowledge of
the day of Christ's birth came to us from
Roman sources; but it is the Passover
which gave us the exact time of the Resur-
rection. It is thus always likely to be
kept after the reckoning of the Hebrews.

The Greeks made *pascha* out of *pasch*;
the Russians, *pascha*; the Latins, *pascha*;
the Italians, *pasqua*; the Spaniards, *pasqua*;
the Portuguese, *pascoa*, and the French,
pasque. The French have dropped the *s*,
and now call Easter *pasques*; the Dutch have
it *pasch*. There is an English noun, *pasch*,
pronounced *pasch*. It may be Easter
come to be called by that name.

The latest revision of the Bible has
changed the word *Easter* from the only
place it held in the King James' version.
In the twelfth chapter of Acts it is related
that Herod laid hold of Peter in the days
of unleavened bread, "intending (verse 4)
after Easter to bring him forth to the peo-
ple." The revisers have substituted for
Easter the word *pasover*. The manuscripts
read *meta to pascha*—Greek for after the Pas-
sover.

In adopting the Jewish manner of count-
ing the day of Easter, the Christian
fathers were forced into some peculiar
astronomical fact. The Jews had so far
feeling well established that their sacred
reckoning was wrong. The conservative
Jews of this day celebrate two days each
holiday in order to be surely right. The
ecclesiastical full moon is an imaginary
orb, like our clock-sun, and was devised by
Moses. The Council of Nice, in 325, ac-
cepted for the whole church the rule that
Easter should be the first Sunday that fell
after the ecclesiastical full moon of March
21; if the full moon fell on a Sunday,
Easter should be the next Sunday. An
astronomer named Clavius drew up
tables of cycles, and the imaginary moon

coincides with the real moon even in every
seventy-six years. Through this laxity of
the ecclesiastical moon, the whole world
has the same Pasch. If the European fall
moon fell on two o'clock a. m., Sunday,
April 18, 1887, it would have been nine p.
m., Saturday, April 17, in America. This
would have thrown Easter in Europe and
Easter in America on different Sundays,
had the true full moon been followed. In

one of our earnest desires, did our hearts
feel the vagueness and uncertainty of its
final attainment.

A fear of fluctuation passed, an alterna-
tion of hope and fear, when, despite all his
efforts to keep up and finish his studies,
Archer's strength gave way, and he was
left powerless to finish the prescribed col-
legiate course. Nor did our troubles come
singly, for the bank in which my few hun-
dred dollars' savings were deposited be-
came insolvent, and I found myself sud-
denly thrown upon my own resources for a
living.

In the midst of our trouble, Fanny and I
were seated, one evening, devising ways
and means for our mutual support, and
we had decided upon moving away from the
cottage, and opening a school in the vil-
lage. And then I brought out the old
trunk of my Aunt Jameson, containing the
iron box, and with a degree of eagerness
began looking over the papers, previous to
depositing my treasures with a friend for
safe-keeping. Lost in go my reverie, I
gave heed to what was passing around me,
and Fanny's voice startled me from my
wanderings.

"Oh, Charles!" said she, "what is the
naughty boy doing? Whatever will Aunt
Mary do to him! Her nice collection is all
spoiled!"

Looking up, I noticed the cunning little
fellow seated upon the floor, a short dis-
tance from me, with the wonderful but
dilapidated heirloom of Aunt Jameson on
his lap. He had reached the scissors from
my work-basket, and had made sad havoc
with the old-fashioned embroidery, cutting
through the stiff flowers and pulling of the
floss until there was neither form nor
comeliness left, and he was in the act of
pulling out the stuffing when his mother
discovered his mischief. For a moment I
was vexed with the sacrilegious little imp.
Then, as my eye fell upon a bit of paper
which his fingers had extricated, and which
he still held to tenaciously with one hand,
while the other firmly clasped the dilapi-
dated cushion, I suddenly caught him up and
smothered him with kisses, while I danced
around the room in such wild delight that
Fanny thought I had suddenly become de-
mented.

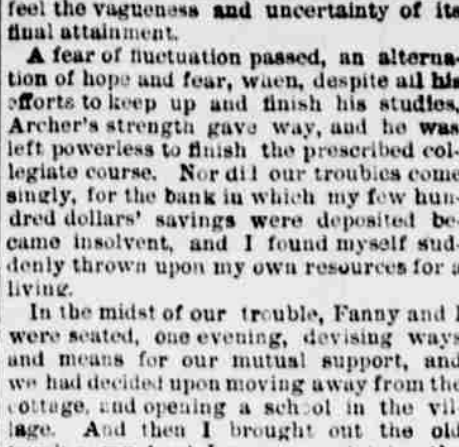
Such a quick transition from the abyss-
mal depths of despair to the very apex of
ecstasy! Was there ever such a love of a cushion!
And dear little Charles, so far from unroo-
ting Pandora's box, had disclosed the hid-
ing-places of Aunt Jameson's wealth, thou-
sands and thousands of dollars in green-
backs and Government bonds.

"Fanny," said I, "well! I napped! We
won't go to town to teach school."

"And, Fanny," I added, as a sort of cod-
ing to the "well," "I had mentally formed,
I am going to marry poor Archie Somers.
I shall write him to come to the cottage at
once, and the nuptials shall be celebrated
on coming Easter."

And I carried out my intentions. Archie
and I were married on Easter Sunday
eve, and very, very happy have we been
ever since. So there have been two Eas-
ters in my life, which seemed to affect my
personal happiness so much that I call
them *My Two Easters*.
L. G. R.

JOLLY LITTLE FELLOWS.



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Perhaps the most singular of these is a
practice in vogue in the northern counties
of England, where on Easter Sunday the
male portion of the community parade the
streets, claiming the privilege of raising
every woman three times from the ground,
and in compensation receiving a silver six-
pence or a kiss.

The early Christians greeted each other
with a kiss and the announcement: "Christ
is risen," to which answer was made: "He
is risen indeed," and this form is still prac-
ticed in the Greek Church.

The poor pasche eggs have always been
universally associated with Easter, even
sums of money set apart for them, as
shown in the royal record of the time of
Edward I., where is entered eighteen
pence for four hundred Easter eggs. The
children used colored eggs variously orna-
mented in a game where they tested the
strength of the shells. The game of ball
was also an Easter pastime in which the
civil corporations gravely engaged; and
this sport was within late years kept up
in Bury St. Edmunds by two women.

The olden legend of the sun dancing in the
sky on Easter morn was current in parts
of England and Ireland.

Presbyterians, Unitarians, Methodists
and Baptists all join in these floral de-
corations of Easter. All mankind is glad
that the death sleep of nature has awak-
ened to a glorious and hopeful resurrection
morning. No wonder that we rejoice and
are glad, and hail Easter as a gay and life-
giving holiday! It comes after the sad and
impressive ceremonies of Good-Friday,
after the six weeks' fasting and prayer,
after winter's desolation and the "service
of the Tomb."

There is suggestiveness, more beautiful
than words can express in the opening of
the budding year with the Easter joyous-
ness; it is as if the earth itself, new-
winged and clothed in gladness, took an
upward path through the infinitesimals, as
if the planet, too, had had its part in
worship, and at any rate in the irrespon-
sible innocence of that sort of worship which
springs from joyful acquiescence in the or-
der of things.

The custom of exchanging Easter-eggs is
of great antiquity. It stretches back into
Magian history; it is one of the ancient
traditions of the Orientals. So when we
go into a confectioner's we are simply fol-
lowing the custom which antedates the
three kings of the East. The French na-
tion invented the egg bonbonnières, and
all the Easter dinners will be furnished
with ice plates in the form of Easter-eggs.

WATCHING THE WASHING

Many a time I've watched the washing
and in making SANTA CLAUS SOAP
I've used my years of observation to the
advantage of the good women who do it.

My SOAP is made to
fit the hand - so it's
easy to handle. It's
made of the best ma-
terials - so it washes well
and easily.

For Kitchen & Laundry
it has no superior -
it don't rot or damage
the clothing, or make
them yellow.

It's for sale by all enterprising
grocers - if your grocer hasn't
it, drop a postal to my makers Messrs
N. K. FAIRBANK & Co., Chicago, and they
will tell you how to get it. Yours cheerily
Santa Claus
Ask for Santa Claus Soap.

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The oldest House,
The largest Stock,
The Best Variety
Of goods in this line in
La Salle county.

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M. KNEUSSL'S DRUG STORE,

MAIN STREET.
West of La Salle Street, (south side).
OTTAWA, ILLINOIS.

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